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THE TACTICIAN.

WELLINGTON and BONAPARTE were all very well in their way as to tactics. They planned battles and sieges with very considerable skill, no doubt; but can either of these men be for a moment compared to the tactician who has for twenty years lived upon the fat of the land, without spending a shilling on the essentials of meat and drink—who has for this period quartered himself on his friends and acquaintances without exhausting their patience—who never knew, during all that time, what it was to want a dinner, or to have a sixpence to pay for one? This is what I would call generalship. This is a display of tactics, and such a display, too, as leaves all that Wellington or Bonaparte ever did in that way, far, very far indeed, in the shade. Your true tactician is generally a man in the wane of life—one who has seen a good deal of the world, without gaining much by it—who has lost the taste for active industrious exertion, without flagging a jot in his love of the good things usually purchased thereby—a man unconnected with family or kindred, but of unbounded acquaintance. To what profession he may have belonged, is not of much consequence; it is only necessary that he should have once been in some profession, so as to establish the circle of acquaintance in which he moves, and upon which he operates. He must have been in a condition to give, and must actually have given, two or three dinners in his day; and although his friends would, in the ordinary course of things, have long since forgotten these—and no wonder, for it may have been full fifteen years since anyone of them had their legs beneath his mahogany—it is now his business to remind them of them, and to take care that they shall not, even in spite of themselves, be ungrateful for his ancient hospitality. It must not be for a moment thought, however, that the tactician's position in the world is a sinecure, or that no accomplishments on his part are necessary to a successful practice of his art. To imagine this, would be to imagine a very absurd thing. He must be constantly on the alert to make the most of circumstances as they occur; for where he has dined to-day, he can have no hope of dining to-morrow, nay, perhaps, not for a week or a fortnight: yet to-morrow must be provided for. He must, therefore, be perpetually thinking *what* is next to be done, and *how* it is to be done; laying plans, combining circumstances, and calculating on events. Is this life a sinecure? I should think not. Although he pays nothing for his living in the coin of the pocket, he pays handsomely for it in that of the brain.

With regard to the tactician's accomplishments, again, these must be multifarious, and of the most attractive description. He must be an invincible listener. He must have a ready knack of saying little agreeable things to the females of those families he is in the habit of quartering upon. He must never take offence at any thing that may be said or done to him by any member of any of the said families. On the contrary, if the boys should pin half a sheet of paper to his back, or tie his skirts to his chair, he must appear the most delighted of the whole party when the discovery of their ingenuity has been made. The tactician must also at all times be ready to rise or sit, as he sees—and he sees all these things with an almost supernatural promptitude and distinctness of vision—will be most agreeable to his host. He must, moreover, be a man of sense, intelligent and well-informed; possessing a store of anecdote and tale, suited to all occasions and circumstances; refined, coarse, sentimental, humorous, and pathetic. He must, moreover, sing a good song—this is a perfectly indispensable

qualification—and he must sing it, too, the moment he is bid. Above all, he must have the same tastes, predilections, and prejudices with his host, so far as matters of importance are concerned. He may take the liberty of differing with him on subjects of little moment; but he must conduct his opposition with great skill and prudence, for it is an exceedingly nice operation. He must know exactly when to stop. The least error here would be fatal. But when very dexterously managed, a little opposition rather does good than harm; and the experienced tactician knows this, and practises accordingly.

It is not absolutely necessary that the tactician should be travelled, but it is a mighty advantage to him if he is. It furnishes him with a world of amusing talk. He could live on a visit to Paris alone, and without any tear or wear of his ingenuity, for a couple of twelvemonths; and Constantinople or Grand Cairo would most likely be to him equivalent to an annuity for life. It is the charm of the tactician's conversation, either in recounting what he has seen or what he has heard or read, that gives him so much purchase upon his friends. He keeps the company in easy and amusing gossip, tells laughable stories when there is an appearance of dullness spreading round the table; and by this sort of knack in enlivening a party, he brings himself within a trifle of fixing on you a belief that he is a great acquisition at the dinner table, and that you, the entertainer, are the obliged party rather than he. There is another feature in his tactics that should not be omitted. He plays a good hand at whist, though never any way solicitous to adjourn for that purpose. Whist, however, is a favourite game with him. He likes it because it is one of the departments of his revenue; and he likes it still more if he plays on the same side with his host. Yet he does not admire deep play; and in this respect the lady of the house fully accords with him. Penny points, or so, are the limits to which he willingly extends the game; and as he is, by excess of practice, an adept in this kind of performance, he generally carries off from sixpence to eighteen-pence at a down-sitting, either of which sums forms, of course, a most valuable acquisition to his exchequer.

The superior ingenuity of the tactician completely baffles the penetration of his entertainers. Every time he appears at their table, no matter how often it be, it seems to them the result of mere chance, or they are even so far imposed upon as to imagine that his company was of their own seeking. It was no such thing, if they only knew the truth. His appearance was neither the result of chance, nor was it by any means a thing they desired. "His dining with you to-day, my good sir, for instance, was the triumphant issue of the deep-laid schemes of a week. You simple man, you, don't you recollect meeting the tactician on Monday last?" "I do; but what of that?" "Why, did you not tell him that you had bought a horse?" "I certainly did." "Did he not then draw you in to say something very favourable of your purchase?" "Why, I dare say he did." "When he had done this, did he not dexterously introduce some conversation regarding your mutual friend Mr Dawson's horse, which he praised; and were you not tempted, on hearing him praise the said horse, to say that you were much mistaken if your little brown mare would not beat it to sticks at a trot?" "Yes, I assuredly did say so; and it was that conversation that led to the run we had together the other day." "Exactly so, and to the dinner that followed." "Yes, I believe so." "Well, my good sir, don't you perceive in all this the transcendent genius of the tactician. He it was who pro-

posed that it should be for a dinner and a dozen. He it was, you well know, who acted as umpire on the occasion; and he it was, as you equally well know, who acted as croupier at the dinner which followed."

Your tactician, although he bets none himself, is a great encourager of this practice in others. On these occasions he endeavours to accomplish two things—first, that he be appointed umpire, and next, that the stake be of such a description as he can partake of. He says, that to bet for money is ungentlemanlike, and that the parties had better make it a "dinner and a drink." To what side fortune may incline is a matter of no moment to him; for let who likes lose, he is sure always to be a gainer.

Amongst the least complex and simpler of the tactician's operations, is the waylaying you. Even this, however, requires some genius, and well does the tactician know it. The least appearance of premeditation or design on his part, would be fatal to his hopes. This operation, therefore, requires to be managed with great delicacy and skill. Before describing his proceedings in these cases, however, it is proper to premise, that the tactician's victims on such occasions must all be gentlemen whose residences are, as the advertisements say, about "ten minutes' walk from town"—an indispensable circumstance this, as it presents facilities for the tactician's operations, without which he could do no good, and of which a town residence is entirely destitute; since, in the latter case, you might go home by fifty different ways, and might come from any one of a thousand different points of the city. Now, in the former case, the chance is, that there is only one way that can ultimately lead you to your own door, and, of course, let you have been in what quarter of the town you please, this way you must eventually take. Well, then, we shall suppose your dinner hour to be four o'clock; you are a punctual man—the tactician knows this. You leave your shop or counting-house exactly at ten minutes to four—well does the tactician know this also, and he proceeds accordingly. He starts in the same direction at a quarter past three precisely, stretches away into the country for a mile or so; returns at a quick and hurried pace, if it be a warm day, hat in hand, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and exhibiting every symptom of haste and business; and finally encounters you at exactly ten and a half paces from your own door, for he calculates his manœuvres with as much nicety and precision as a military engineer would do the springing of a mine. The meeting is of course wholly unexpected on your part, and, to all appearance, it is equally so on his; and this, as has been already elsewhere hinted, is one of the most delicate and difficult operations in the whole of the tactician's practice. There must be no hesitation in his address, no confusion in his manner, no sheepishness in his looks. His salutation must be hale, hearty, and resolute. He must, in short, do the thing clean and boldly. Well, then, we suppose that the parties have come in contact. "Ha, Mr Wardle—where have you been?" says the poor, simple, unsuspecting victim of the tactician's designs, addressing him in a friendly and affable tone. "Been! my dear sir," replies the latter—and he stops short for an instant, not caring to come to particulars on this point; "been! my dear sir; I declare I am perfectly knocked up;" and he wipes his forehead with the air of a man in the last stage of exhaustion. He next inquires what o'clock it is, and is exceedingly surprised to find that it is within two minutes of four. He had no idea it was so far in the day. Things, however, are beginning to look dangerous, for the victim has not yet said a syllable about the tactician's

"stepping in," and there is not a moment to be lost. The latter, therefore, has now immediate recourse to his last, but surest expedient. He commences a particular and apparently anxious inquiry regarding every individual member of the family. "All well, all well, thank you," says the delighted husband and papa; "but don't take my word for it, Mr Wardle; just step in and see." The business is done, you perceive, good reader. The tactician shys a little, very cautiously however, but finally walks in, gets a comfortable dinner, and drinks for at least three hours. We say, drinks three hours, for there is no reckoning his libations by tumblers or any other means. Properly, the tactician drinks but one tumbler; but this he protracts and extends in such a manner, that it is virtually as good as four. There is always something wrong about the tactician's tumbler. It is either too weak in the spirit, or in the water, or in the sugar; and he is accordingly every minute fingering the materials for new supplies of those various articles—and yet no one ever sees him taking any thing. Either the movements are so quick, that, like the spokes of a spinning-wheel, they altogether escape observation, or he contrives, by means of a perpetual flow of talk, to take off attention. He can time the taking of these supplies with uncommon dexterity. He waters at the least interesting part of his anecdote; sugars when the interest is advancing; and exactly at the instant when his host is roaring at the sting of the joke, dashes in as much alcohol as will keep him diluting for half an hour to come.

A dinner obtained under the circumstances above described, is not valuable for its own sake alone. The tactician has learnt, in the course of some small talk with the hostess, that there is to be a dinner party in the house on Thursday next. He takes no particular notice of the circumstance at the instant, but he turns it to excellent account afterwards. He calls at his host's shop the day before the dinner is to take place, and asks him when he saw Shaw, a mutual acquaintance, who, he knows, is to be one of the intended party, and inquires whether he thinks he has any chance of seeing him soon, as he is extremely desirous to meet with him. Here, again, the simple man is taken in. He candidly tells him that his friend is to dine with him to-morrow, and kindly adds, that if he will be one of the party, he will then have an opportunity of seeing him. Done again, you see, good reader. A bargain is struck; the tactician is triumphant. But still this is not all; for out of this dinner he contrives to knock three or four more, so that in place of eating himself out of a living, as might be feared, and as, indeed, would certainly be the fate of an inferior practitioner, he is constantly increasing his resources, and that, too, by the very process which one would think the best calculated for exhausting them. His field of operations, in fact, is daily widening, and he can now, at an advanced period of his career, command a dozen dinners for one that he could achieve at its commencement.

Amongst the smaller observances which enter into the general rule of the tactician's conduct, is an uniform urbanity of manner towards the servants in those houses which he is in the habit of visiting; and to this part of his tactics the reader's admiration is most specially requested, because it is really worthy of it. It produces what is so much desired in Europe by politicians—a nice balance of power. It prevents all co-operation between maid and mistress to the prejudice of the tactician, and secures to him at all times a ready access, at least to the outworks of the domicile; and he well knows, if these be once gained, the rest is comparatively easy. Possession is nine points of the law, nine out of ten. The counterscarp once taken, the garrison must fall. It is, in short, a master-stroke of policy, and is founded, it is presumed, on a similar principle with that which guided Mr Pitt, when, by the erection of barracks, he aimed at separating the military from the civilians.

It will not impart a very incorrect idea, or rather, positively, it will impart a very correct general idea, of the tactician's system, to say that it very much resembles that ingenious piece of mechanism called an orrery. His machinery appears to the eye equally complicated, but then it produces also the most beautiful, regular, and harmonious motions. Let him but turn the handle which commands the whole, and you will see, not, to be sure, Jupiter, Mars, or Venus, but breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, revolving round him in smooth, delightful, splendid, endless succession; no one jostling another, and an exquisitely harmonious arrangement in the whole, though an unprepared eye would have expected to see nothing but confusion.

Having now had a glimpse of the tactician in his active capacity, in full pursuit of his calling, we may take, what very few can obtain, a peep of him at home. The house in which he resides is kept by a decent widow who lets lodgings, and who gives him an apartment on moderate terms. She is a timid, and, has frequently been, an ill-used woman, it being untelling the number of lodgers who used to elope without coming to a settlement with her for their accommodation. But now she is greatly assisted in discriminating and investigating by her respectable tenant, Mr Wardle, who looks to her rights, makes out her bills, and proceeds on any important mission which she may require to set on foot. By thus making himself a necessary evil, or a necessary good—it is all one—in the household, he is not called upon to lay out much on his domestic arrangements. At home,

he is the pink of temperance and regularity; for his slender income barely pays his landlady and his washerwoman. As for the matter of breakfast, it is a meal he is careless about. In his opinion, it is a stupid meal, hardly worth heeding, and may be put over by a single cup of coffee, and a morsel of bread without any butter. Breakfast, such as it is, being swallowed, he walks out precisely at a quarter to ten, and is generally seen or heard no more till half-past eleven in the evening, when he returns pretty well saturated, but not absolutely tipsy. His presence at the door on these occasions is indicated by a protracted shuffling and scraping about the key-hole with his check-key; for although by no means drunk, he is somewhat unsteady by the six or eight hours' drinking he has had, and has considerable difficulty in finding the aperture. This, however, he at length accomplishes, and enters with a firm heavy tread, flushed face, and a general air at once of bustle and precision. Having gained his bed-room, he throws himself down in a chair, and, before beginning to undress, fixes his eye as steadily as he can upon the flame of the candle, and, with a serious face, commences thinking over the proceedings of the day; his train of thought he winds up by taking a bird's-eye view of the intended proceedings of to-morrow. The latter have been all already adjusted, but he just runs them over in his mind to see that all is right and tight. This done, after a minute and tedious process of careful deliberate fitting, adjusting, depositing, placing, displacing, and replacing, &c., for every thing he does in dressing and undressing is done by rule, even to the tying of his nightcap, he tumbles into bed, and, as he has eaten rather a heavy supper, is immediately assailed by his own peculiar nightmare, an entire roasted ox, which he conceives is placed upon his breast, and pressing him to death.

Amongst his pleasantest dreams is his being at Bob Anderson's at dinner, on whose hospitable board appears his favourite dish, a roasted hare; for, be it observed, your tactician, although he can put up occasionally with any sort of fare, be it ever so plain, is yet a bit of an epicure, and has an especial relish for good things. This habit he acquires—it is not perhaps natural to him—from his peculiar way of living, which necessarily presents him with great variety of aliment, and thus induces a certain degree of nicety of choice and discrimination of taste.

The tactician is necessarily extremely particular about, and careful of, his wearing apparel, for he must maintain a genteel appearance; and yet the only hope he can ever indulge in of getting a new coat, is its being thrown up to him by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature; no other earthly means present themselves of obtaining this indispensable garment; and as earthquakes happen but very rarely in this quarter of the world, he must, as a matter of course, be particularly anxious about the well-being of the one he has. This care and anxiety about his clothes generally extends, in an especial manner, to his linen, of which he makes out a neat inventory every time he gives them to the washerwoman, and as regularly checks them by the said inventory on their return. As he has only three shirts, and half a dozen neckcloths, this process does not take up much of his time, and it prevents his small stock being made less by any nefarious practice on the part of his washerwoman.

The tactician does not always confine his ingenious operations to the city. He has a few friends here and there throughout the country, with whom he likes to ruralise in the summer weather. The country people are even better subjects for the exercise of his talent than those in the city. Naturally and by circumstances, they are more hospitable, and the presence of a stranger is less troublesome than it is apt to be with a citizen, whose time is generally occupied to the last minute. The tactician, however, sometimes tires even the country people. We have heard of instances where he manifested such tenacity, that the good folk were at length obliged to propose paying a visit to a neighbour for a few days, in order to get him out of the house. This failed entirely. "Oh, the Gordons—I know the Gordons very well, and will just go with you. I have not seen my friend Jack this many a day, and I dare say I should have been calling upon them whether or no." Seeing this expedient of no avail, the good people changed their play, and talked of removing to sea-bathing quarters, on account of the eldest boy, who was troubled with the scurvy. The tactician, however, was not to be treated in this scurvy manner: he proposed keeping house open for them till they should return. At length, driven almost desperate, they brought in the painters upon him; which was finally attended with the desired effect. Nothing—not even the tactician—could stand the painters.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, however, we have hitherto spoken only of one description of tactician. Now, there are two—the active and the passive. He whom we have attempted to describe is the active tactician. He requires to work for his living. The other leads a much idler life, and yet lives nearly equally well. This he accomplishes by erecting an entire and regular system at the outset of his career; which system consists in his arranging a complete set of dining hours for each day in the week, and a set of breakfast and supper ones on the same principle. Here, it will be seen, there can be no great variety, no great choice, but then there is certainty; and the

passive tactician, who is generally a quiet unambitious person, prefers it on that account. Although, however, he is saved, by this course, from all trouble in plotting and planning, and from all risk of being without a dinner; although, in short, he incurs no farther trouble during the rest of his life, after he has once erected his system and set it properly a-going, yet it requires no small share of tact and nerve to get this system erected. While forming it, he has a great many disagreeables to encounter, in the shape of sulky looks, denials, and evasions. Against all these he must bear up manfully, and must repeat his attacks again and again in the face of all sorts of dampers and discouragements. By this fortitude and perseverance, he gradually wears out all opposition, and finally succeeds in converting himself into a regular member of the family. All idea of resisting his encroachments, or attempting to dislodge him by sinister expedients, are ultimately abandoned in despair. The unhappy family quietly resigns itself to its fate. The tactician is in peaceable possession, and has taken such a hold as nothing but open violence could overcome. Every Thursday, Mr W. is now expected to dinner; and every Thursday, Mr W. regularly gratifies this amiable expectation.

The individuals of this class have generally neat, though not remarkably new clothes. They have seen better days, and established several claims of very ancient acquaintance. They are what is called pleasant in conversation, and, even with all the humiliation of their mode of life, command some respect for their misfortunes or their general character. There is nothing that these gentlemen so much dread and detest as any change in the order of things which they have established, such as a proposal on the part of any one of their entertainers to alter their dinner day—say from Tuesday to Wednesday. This change in itself would be of no moment to them; for one day is as good as another; but then it would affect the whole system. The latter would require to be altered from top to bottom, and in such an operation there would be considerable risk of the whole coming down together, like a castle of cards, and falling in ruins about the ears of the hapless architect. He might, in short, as well begin to erect a new system altogether, as attempt to introduce such a change as this. The callings, the notices, the warnings, the hints, the explanations, the coaxing, the wheedling, which such a proposal, if insisted upon, would entail upon the tactician, would be at least equal to any thing he had to encounter at the outset of his career, while to the whole falls to be added the constant risk of his suffering an entire defeat in some uncomplying quarter or another.

We could enlarge a good deal upon this character, but we are tacticians ourselves, though in a different way, and always desire to stop before exhausting the patience of the reader.

LINKS IN NATURE.

NATURE, in her creative powers, seems ever to keep in view the most perfect order of arrangement; and we may observe, not only in her noblest, but in her lowest and most inanimate works, a similar system of goodness and wisdom displayed. Into whatever department of animal organisation we pursue our investigations, we are equally impressed with the conviction that there nowhere prevails any confusion. We find every class of creatures distinct in form and character, in a lesser or greater degree, from those of other classes; at the same time, we cannot help remarking, that, every where within the comprehension of our visual organs, there prevail certain signs of resemblance among all the orders of animated beings; and so close are these resemblances, in some instances, that naturalists have found great difficulty in assigning the proper order or place in the scale of creation to those animals which are so peculiar in their character.

The signs of resemblance among animals are described as links in creation, and, as such, are worthy of our notice. In examining these links, it would appear that Nature has pursued a great and universal plan in producing a system of animal organisation, rising gradually from the most simple to the most complex. So obvious has this principle been, that some writers have not scrupled to allege that MAN, who occupies the highest rank in creation, has sprung from the lowest atom, and, by a series of progressions, has at length arrived at what he now is. But this is a mere idle fancy. By a fixed law of nature, there can be no advancement of any class of animals out of their order and species. Each creature has its place, and there it and its descendants remain for ever. The dog which lives in the present day is no farther advanced in the scale than its predecessors five thousand years ago. Man is the only animal who is susceptible of advancement in intelligence; and by the operation of which intelligence, his form may be cultivated and improved, but certainly not altered. There, for instance, prevails a remarkable resemblance betwixt man and some descriptions of the orang-outang, both in external form and internal organisation; and from this resemblance, some fanciful persons have imagined that man is but a superior race of the monkey tribes. But this is clearly an absurdity

The apparent similarity betwixt man and the orang-outang is simply a following out of the principle of universal resemblances. The orang-outang may be called the link betwixt the human and brute form; but betwixt that animal and the human being there is a great and impassable gulf. The most degraded of the savage tribes of mankind may be raised, by education and habits of civilisation, to take a station among the highest ranks in society; but monkeys, in all their varieties, must for ever retain their place among the most nauseous and intractable of the brute creation.

We may find, by pursuing this mode of inquiry, that the links which connect all classes of the animal creation in one continued chain, is equally evident. The brute creation is connected with that of birds and fishes, and the latter with that of reptiles. The sturgeon, first placed by Linnæus as an amphibious animal, was afterwards declared to be a fish, and approaching the nature of an eel. The weasel, in some of its species, approaches the monkey and squirrel tribes; and the flying squirrel, the flying lizard, and flying fish, approach the bird creation. The ostrich is allowed to be the principal link which connects the quadruped species with that of birds. In its general appearance, as well as in the structure of the stomach, it has a near resemblance to the camel; in its voice, instead of a whistle, it has a grunt like that of a hog; in its disposition, it is as easily tamed as a horse, and has, like him, been employed as a racer, though in its speed it far outstrips the swiftest race-horse in the world. At the factory of Podor, on the river Senegal, two ostriches were carefully broken in, the strongest of which, though young, would run swifter with two negroes on his back, than a racer of the best breed. Not less remarkable is the character of the bat, which may be said to be both a bird and a beast. This animal is furnished with thin membranes stretched over its fore paws, and extending between these and two hinder extremities, by which means it possesses the faculty of flying like the birds; its body resembles the mouse, and like that animal suckles its young; during the winter season, it remains in a torpid state, coiled up and suspended by the hind claws to rafters or roofs of barns or cottages. The duckbill of New South Wales unites the three different classes of quadrupeds, birds, and that order of amphibians which connects the quadrupeds with that of the fishes. Its feet, which are four, are those of a quadruped, but each is webbed like a water-fowl's; and instead of a snout, it has the precise bill of a shoveller, or any other broad-billed water-bird. The whole body is covered with long fur, exactly resembling an otter; yet it lives like a lizard, chiefly in water, digs and burrows under the banks of rivers, and feeds on aquatic plants and aquatic animals. The seal or sea-calf may be said to be a connecting link between the quadrupeds and fishes, it being a mammalian animal, and can live either in the water or on the land. The sea-horse of the polar regions may also be similarly denominated; for he lives sometimes on the water and sometimes on the ice; is web-footed, to assist him in swimming, and has two enormous tusks, bending down from the upper jaw, which, together with his claws, enable him to climb the icy beach, when he chooses to leave the watery element to visit the earth, where he seems to enjoy himself fully, with as much ease as in the other.

When we return to the consideration of the bird species, we find, as among the mammalian tribes, a vast superiority manifested by some, when compared with others of the same order; and the different shades of form and instinct which distinguish them, will be found to blend together with the same uniformity as is the case with the others. It would be vain, with such limited space, to attempt even to give an outline of a subject so diffuse, and we must therefore restrict ourselves to the mere links which connect the different classes.

The penguin may be regarded as the principal link between birds and fishes; it approaches the fishes in conformation as well as in disposition and habits; it seldom leaves the water; and while other aquatic birds only skim the surface of that element, it follows its prey to the greatest depths. The flying-fish furnishes another specimen of the connection; it is furnished with long pectoral fins, by which it is enabled to rise from out the water, and fly for a time in the air. Whenever the fins become dry, the animal is obliged to dip again into the water to replenish the moisture, when it can again resume its flight; its head is scaly, but it is without teeth.

When the innumerable tribes of ocean come before our notice, we again find the different degrees of form, instinct, and capabilities, which have arrested our attention on the solid parts of the earth. Along a multitude of strange forms, with stranger habits, we have to pass, until we find the animal and vegetable kingdoms combined in the person of the hydra or polype. This creature is said to grow in some parts of the ocean to an immense size. In the Straits of Messina, and in the English Channel, it has been found with arms ten feet in length; if dissected in halves, each half, by its own formation and its instinctive efforts, will produce the half that is deficient; and in this manner, an individual of the tribe may be multiplied into countless numbers. It seems quite insensible to pain, and appears to be in as perfect health and contentment, when turned inside out, as when in its natural state. The fresh-water polype is possessed of the same powers

of reproduction, and it propagates by shooting out living young ones, like buds. Towards winter, these animals lay eggs, which are hatched by the warmth of spring, and thus provide for a continuance of the species in case of accidents during the cold season.

We must now return to the link which connects the bird species with the winged tribes of insects, and the beautiful and brilliantly-plumaged humming-bird presenting itself, the change is almost imperceptibly effected. The humming-bird, the least of the feathered tribe, feeds, like some insects, on the sweets of the flowers alone; and, like the bee and the butterfly, it collects them while on the wing; its beak is pointed like a needle; its tongue, like that of many insects, can be thrown out as a dart; its claws are not thicker than a common pin, its nest is about an inch deep, its egg is about the size of a small pea, its body is adorned with feathers of the richest hues, and covered with a down that makes it resemble a velvet flower; when taken, it expires instantly, and after death, on account of its extreme beauty, it is worn by the Indian ladies as an ear-ring. From the humming-bird we have to look downwards along the winged insects, to where that species mingles with the inferior orders of the same class—the worms. The transformation of the silk-worm caterpillar and other insects is one of the many wonders of the natural world; the insect, after being hatched, remains in the form of a crawling grub, and feeds voraciously on the plant, where, by the admirable forethought of the parent insect, the egg had been deposited, and where, by the influence of the sun, it had been nurtured into life; others, the May-fly for instance, fix their eggs in the interior of some herby substance, which is deposited in sand at the bottom of pools, where the egg is hatched and a maggot produced, and this in course of time being elevated by the warmth of spring to the surface of the water, it bursts forth a beautiful and winged insect. The caterpillar and silk-worm, after a short time, assume a state of torpidity, in which condition they remain for a certain number of days, enclosed in a covering of their own spinning; they then suddenly come forth a moth or butterfly, endowed with wings and other organs suitable for their new state of existence.

The order of worms presents an infinite variety, and form the lowest order of animated creatures, and may be traced to the almost invisible animalcules, which are only discernible by the powerful aid of the microscope; and we can also follow the same tribe, to where, in the form of coral, madrepores, and millepores, they mingle with the mineral kingdom. Coral is externally an animal, and internally a rock; while madrepores and millepores have a stoney covering, and contain the animal section of their nature within; the calcareous secretions of both instantly become rocks the moment the animals die. These secretions form immense ridges of rocks, which, in the Indian seas, are known to extend to five hundred, and even to seven hundred miles in length, with a depth irregular and uncertain. Captain Flinders sailed in the Gulf of Carpentaria by the side of reefs of this description for five hundred miles; and, more recently, Captain King, seven hundred miles, by rocks which were forming and evidently increasing.

ALARIC,

A ROMAN STORY.

THE autumn of the year four hundred and ten will ever be memorable in the annals of mankind, as an epoch in which was transacted a revolution in the affairs of the Roman government, the effects of which have been felt down even till the nineteenth century. In the Illirian provinces, the summer had just passed away in all the beauty of a climate nearly unrivalled in countries north of the Bosphorus, and the wide-spreading forests of Dacia were imperceptibly exchanging the green hues of July for the brown and variegated tints of August, when an event occurred which for a while distracted the attention of the Thracian husbandman from gathering the fruits of his fields, and disturbed the tranquillity of nature.

At this period the blue waters of the Danube, which, before terminating its long winding course from the north, and ere it loses itself in the broad expanse of the Euxine, breaks away into a variety of embouchures, formed the visible boundary of the Roman power. To strengthen their frontiers more effectually against the predatory incursions of barbarians, Constantine and other emperors had erected along the Danube a line of forts, or turreted strengths, with other attributes of fortification, at convenient distances from, and within sight of, each other, in which bodies of infantry were stationed. A vast number of small vessels were also latterly kept cruising on the broad stream, burdened with warlike crews, ready to inflict death on those who had the temerity to attempt a passage.

The noontide repast of the Roman soldiers who were left to guard the western banks of the Danube, was already some time over, and the sun was slowly bending in his career towards the distant mountains of Transylvania, whose woody summits were soon to hide the luminary of day from the visible hemisphere. His declining rays fell upon the broad expanse of the stream; the air was mild and balmy; and nothing disturbed the quietness of the closing day, save the occasional shrill blast of the trumpets of the soldiers placed on the battlements of the border towers.

It is in the upper apartment of one of these keeps that the first scene of our story opens. In this small and confined place two individuals sat, or rather reclined, on elongated chairs or settles, beside a table in the midst of the floor. The strongly marked and care-worn features of one of these personages, his military garb, and other peculiarities, indicated that he was commander of the little fort. The refined garments, the polished air, and lofty tones of his companion, were as significant that he was a young Roman patrician, and an officer in one of the legions. "And so you say," said the elder of these individuals, "that you caught this savage lurking as a spy last night in your camp." "Ay, truly," answered he who was thus addressed; "call him spy, or any thing it pleaseth thee; he was secured by the guards while evidently about no good, and but for my interference he would have been put to death on the instant; having saved his life, I endeavoured to extort from him his intentions, but he declared that he would alone communicate to you the burden of his conscience; and so, with the view of getting some information relative to the barbarians, I brought him hither, to allow my good friend Licinius to deal with him as seems meet." "Tut, tut, why have you brought the wandering knave hither, in the midst of our troubles?" remonstrated the guardian of the keep; "we can but hang a stone about his neck and toss him into the Danube. I'll warrant me he but deceived thee, and only wanted an opportunity to make his escape back to his savage crew. But that we shall soon discover."

Licinius was on the eve of making good his determination, when the apartment was entered by a subordinate officer of the cohort under his trust. "Well, Julius, what is it now?—any new intelligence?" "My lord," answered the soldier, "I come to say, that, unless some strong and effective measure be adopted to prevent the landing of the barbarians, we shall speedily be hemmed in by their hordes. In spite of the vigilance of the river guard, the Goths and other wild men are pouring down in torrents on the further side of the river. I but came to take thine orders on the occasion. See, my noble master, approach this loophole, and observe how speedily matters have been altered."

The governor of the fort, as well as his guest, immediately rose, and, with the soldier, cast a look from the small opening. The sight was alarming. The further banks of the Danube were observed to be covered with dense clusters of barbarians, preparing to ford the stream; many rude rafts and boats, freighted with portions of this portentous host, were already contending with the deep blue waters; others were reaching the nearer shore, and, on their arrival, flying in clouds towards the woody thickets. To the watchful eye of the Roman governor, there seemed no end to this dreadful and sudden irruption. In the early part of the day, a few stragglers had only been observed and little heeded; but now, on the horizon, there appeared a moving mass of human beings: every band was pushed forward by that immediately behind it, and it seemed impossible to say from whence this extraordinary impulse was derived.

"The God of the Christians protect us," exclaimed the terrified Licinius, "or we are lost! Hath no account been taken of these savage wretches, according to our orders?"

"Account!" replied the other, "no; we were compelled to abandon our tablets in despair. Some few boatfuls have been sunk; some small note of the number of others who landed hath been taken; but, with our present force, it is hopeless to keep reckoning, or even to capture prisoners. The task of stemming the current of these barbarian tribes is alike endless and impracticable."

The keeper of the fort now ordered the more distant sentinels to be called in, the guard to be strengthened, and every preparation made to act on the defensive, until he should communicate the nature of the irruption to the senate; an irruption, alas, which had been expected daily to break forth. The young Roman officer whom we have noticed, was, without any difficulty, prevailed upon to lose no time in setting out with a few followers to Rome, to quicken the raising of defences, if such were intended to be made. As for the unknown and daring barbarian whom he had captured, he was at once forgotten in the midst of the bustle; and as he contrived to escape from his place of confinement during the ensuing night, he was no more heeded by the already too much vexed and dismayed Licinius.

The flood of Gothic forces which now rushed into the empire, carrying every thing before them, and pursuing a hasty march towards the capital, could be compared to nothing but those clouds of destroying locusts which at times cover the fertile lands of Egypt. Leaving them, however, to pursue their onward march, we turn our attention to Rome. This proud and splendid city, long the wonder of the world, was now reduced to despair. What a change would the stranger, who had seen it in its grandeur and power, now perceive in its aspect! At this dire epoch he would find the half-deserted streets resounding with the piercing cries of lamentation—he would find the baths and other public places of resort empty, and their doors shut up—he would here and there meet with an affrighted citizen running to and fro, not knowing whither he went or what he sought. Here and there, too, he would meet pale-faced crowds, speaking together in low and sub-

dued tones, and putting questions to each other with a manner which betrayed the most agonising feelings of fear, anxiety, and suspense—he would hear, amidst the deeper and graver tones of sorrowing men, the loud shrieks and cries of distracted women; here clinging to the knees of their husbands, lovers, and brothers, calling upon them for protection from violence; there pressing their unconscious babes to their bosoms, and supplicating heaven to shield them from impending danger. Let him next step to the senate, the senate of Rome, alas, no longer the Roman senate! and see what is passing there. There he would find that the virtues, the courage, the wisdom, which had distinguished that august body in the better days of Rome, had now forsaken the senate-house—he would find that the bold and determined front, the proud bearing and powerful eloquence of her ancient rulers, had passed away, and were now replaced by effeminacy, cowardice, and imbecility. This melancholy change he would perceive, and he would find it especially marked at this precise juncture in the affairs of the city—he would perceive that an air of great alarm and terror at this moment pervaded the national assembly—he would perceive that the lips of the few speakers who were amongst them were pale and trembling, that their language was marked with indecision and timidity. But what was the cause of all this fear and terror in Rome? Whence all this misery—whence all this appalling anticipation? The cry of the distracted citizens as they ran wildly along the streets sufficiently explained it. One fearful monosyllable comprised the whole. This cry was “The Goth, the Goth!” It was indeed the Goths, a vast army of whom were approaching the city to plunder and despoil it, led on by the fierce Alaric, their king and general.

The panic which we have described as pervading Rome, had now continued for several days, each day bringing intelligence of the still nearer and nearer approach of the barbarous hordes. At length, however, the agonies of suspense and dreadful anticipation terminated in the consummation of the calamity which had excited them. Early in the morning of the 24th of August 410, the scouts and others who had been stationed on the high places in and around the city, gave the appalling intelligence that the Gothic army was in sight. Dense dark masses, which ever and anon sent forth huge, broad, bright flashes of light, the reflected rays of the rising sun, flung back from the countless weapons of the barbarian host, were seen slowly but steadily moving towards Rome. The terror and alarm which had pervaded the city was now increased tenfold. There was a wild running to and fro amongst the citizens in distracted and futile attempts, no sooner made than abandoned in despair, to carry off valuables, and to find places of security for the helpless; for Rome thought not of defence: flight or concealment, submission and supplication, and other unmanly expedients, were all that were now contemplated by the enervated and degenerate Romans. In the meantime, Alaric and his Goths approached. The fierce and proud, but not ungenerous barbarian, encased in a rich and glittering coat of mail, marched at the head of his warlike host, his eye bent on the devoted city with a look of high exultation and triumph.

On arriving within a short distance of the walls of the city, the Gothic king was met by a deputation from the Roman senate, who had been dispatched by that body to endeavour to buy off, as they had done before, the hostility of the barbarians—to endeavour, in place of fighting them, to bribe them—and by offering a sum of money to their leader, to induce him to withdraw his troops. This deputation, however, although perfectly aware of the utterly helpless state of the city, thought proper to make their proposals a matter of alternative to Alaric. “If thou refusest us,” they said, “fair and honourable terms, we have it in command to tell thee that the Romans know yet how to meet their enemies otherwise than by treaty and overture. The citizens are well exercised in arms, great king,” they added, “and their array is uncountable.” “Sayest thou so?” exclaimed Alaric, and he laughed aloud contemptuously: “so much the better that the numbers of your soldiers are great, because, dost thou not know, gentle sirs, that the thicker the hay the easier it is mowed?” and he again laughed bolsterously. “Then, pray,” said one of the senators, none of whom relished the barbarian’s wit, “what are the terms on which thou wilt withdraw from the city? What ransom dost thou demand?” “Why,” replied Alaric, “not more than thou canst give, nor less than thou canst afford. I demand all the gold and silver, and all the rich and precious moveables in the city.” “And what dost thou intend to leave us, O king?” asked the trembling senators, alarmed at the sweeping extent of the barbarian’s demand. “Your lives!” thundered out Alaric, turning away from them contemptuously on his heel.

The scene of our little story or drama now changes to the interior of the city, now in possession of the Goths. Contemning all idea of treating with a people whom they knew to be wholly in their power, and burning with desire for the wild joys of indiscriminate plundering, the barbarians entered the devoted city by the Salarian gate at midnight, and commenced the dreadful work of violence, pillage, and conflagration, in which they were joined by upwards of 40,000 Roman slaves, who seized on this opportunity of re-

vengeing the indignities to which their former masters had subjected them, and thus added tenfold to the horrors of the scene, for they even surpassed the Goths in outrage and every species of crime. While the most appalling atrocities were in the course of perpetration in the open streets, still more dreadful and affecting tragedies were enacting in thousands of the stateliest mansions of the devoted city. In one of these—and one of the proudest and most magnificent in Rome—were passing the events which form the basis of our story. This was the house of the prefect Petronius, one of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens. On the first alarm of the entrance of the Goths into the city, the slaves of Petronius flew to arms, not, however, to defend their master and his household, but to murder him and his family, and to plunder his well-stored mansion. With wild whoops and yells of savage exultation, the infuriated slaves flew from apartment to apartment, seeking their victims, and murdering them as they found them. At length the work of death was all but completed in the hapless house of Petronius—one member only of the ill-fated family was left alive. This was Marcella, the beautiful daughter of the prefect; but it was not compassion either for her youth or her beauty that had saved her from the daggers of the assassins of her kindred. A crowd of the ruffians who were murdering and despoiling within the walls of her father’s mansion, headed by a slave of the name of Marco, one of the most athletic and fiercest of their number, rushed into her apartment, with the intention of adding her also to the number of their victims. But at this critical moment, their ferocious leader seemed to be struck with a new and sudden thought; and when his comrades were about to lay their murderous hands on Marcella, he fiercely stepped between them and their intended victim, exclaiming, “Nay, comrades, touch her not; lay not your hands on the beautiful Marcella. I take her for my share of the booty. Be the silver and the gold yours—Marcella shall be mine. But,” added the ruffian, “if, after you have made up your own packs, you can spare us some little thing to take up house with, good and well.” A shout of laughter, intermingled with promises of contributions from the spoils of the house, answered the appeal of Marco; but in the face of this understanding, one of the wretches made a snatch at the massive golden bracelets which adorned the arms of Marcella. “Nay, nay,” shouted out Marco, collaring the spoiler, and flinging him—for he was a man of extraordinary muscular power—to the other end of the apartment, “none of that game, friend. All these things go to the bargain. The fair lady is mine wholly as she stands, with all her goods and chattels. Now, my masters,” he added, “begone to your work, and see and make a clean house of it before the Goth comes to divide it with you; and as for me, I mean to remain here a little while with Marcella, to endeavour to reconcile her to the change of affairs, and to accept me as her lover.”

Little of all this conversation was heard by the unfortunate lady who was the subject of it. Reclining on a couch in one corner of the apartment, in a state of utter insensibility, into which the horrors that were enacting around her had thrown her, she scarcely knew what had taken place, until she was rudely awakened from her lethargy by Marco, who was now alone with her in the apartment; his comrades having, as he had recommended, gone off to complete the work of plunder which they had begun. “Fair Marcella,” said the ruffian, and he spoke no flattery, for she whom he addressed was indeed one of the fairest of Rome’s fair daughters; “fair Marcella,” he said, kneeling beside her with affected humility, and at the same time violently pulling her arm, until he had succeeded in awaking his unhappy victim to a sense at once of his presence, and of all the misery with which she was surrounded, “see me, though now your master,”—here he paused, for a look of proud contempt from Marcella had replied to the insolent, though too well-founded assertion—“Ay, your master, proud dame,” he went on; “see me, I say, though now your master, still kneeling at your feet as your slave.” During this insolent speech, the Roman spirit was mantling high in the bosom of the noble maiden; and though encompassed with horrors which might well have been expected to subdue every prouder feeling in the breast of an unfortunate female, she yet instantly became alive to the indignity offered her, and to the still greater indignities threatened her by her slave. Spurning the fellow from her, and starting to her feet, she assumed an attitude worthy of the proudest days of Roman virtue. “Wretch, slave that thou art!” she exclaimed, “slave in thy passions and in thy soul, as thou must ever be, however free in thy person, dost imagine that the daughter of Petronius can listen to the unhalloved addresses of such a base-born helot as thou art, or that the power thou fanciest thou hast over her can ever make her thine?—no, not while she has this resource left to her!” and she drew a small stiletto, or dagger, from the folds of her garment, and held the glittering weapon up to the sight of her persecutor. “Approach me not, ruffian,” she added, seeing the latter advancing towards her, as if to wrest the weapon from her; “approach me not, else I will lay thee weltering in thy blood at my feet; and if thou darest to call for aid of thy miscreant fellows, then shall I lay myself in my heart’s blood at thine, and leave the guilt of the unholy deed on thy devoted head: these are the terms on

which we stand.” Having said this, she retreated proudly towards the door, and endeavoured to open it, but it was secured. “Hah, hah, where is now thy boasted defiance of my power? How canst thou now escape me, proud maiden?” “Detested and cowardly villain,” exclaimed the heroic and undaunted lady, “I will yet escape thee. Hearest thou not the din of the Goth in the streets, burning and sacking the city? Hearest thou not their shouts of triumph and wild joy? Ruthless and remorseless as they are, I will call upon them to protect me from thy violence: merciless as they are, I will rather trust to their clemency than to thine.” Saying this, she flew to a window of the apartment which overlooked the street, and ere Marco could prevent her, called out loudly for aid. “Idiot that thou art,” said the latter, with a fiendish laugh, and at the same time dragging her rudely from the window, “dost not know that the aid thou hast sought, if it come, which I much doubt, will be much more ready to take my side than thine? Dost not know, fool, that the cause of the Goth and the Roman slave is one in the sack and ruin of this detested city? How, then, dost imagine that the Goth will rescue Marcella, the daughter of a Roman patrician, from one of themselves? Come hither,” he added, now seizing his victim rudely by one of her arms; “come hither, till I teach thee wisdom, and prudence, and”—At this instant the door of the apartment was suddenly burst open with great violence, and a stout athletic man of middle stature entered and walked into the middle of the apartment. His presence was majestic and commanding, and his countenance, though evidently calculated better for the expression of the nobler and more generous feelings of humanity, than for those of a baser kind, was at this particular moment deeply shaded with a scowl of displeasure, intermingled with indications of an angry curiosity. He was a Goth. This was at once made evident by his dress, which also indicated that he was an officer of the army which now occupied Rome. “How is this?” he said, fixing his eyes sternly and gravely on Marco; “who called for aid from this house? Was it you, fair lady?” he added, advancing towards Marcella. “It was, sir, it was, it was,” exclaimed the latter, flying towards him and flinging herself at his feet, grasping his knees, and earnestly imploring his protection. “Why, by my good sword, fair maiden, and that thou shalt have, come of it what may. Sirrah,” he continued, and now addressing Marco, “thy presence, I can perceive, is no longer wanted here; so pray thee begone, else worse may befall thee.” “Nay, that I will not,” said Marco, at the same time drawing his sword, “although thou wert Alaric himself. That lady is my lawful prize, master, and certainly I shall know first at whose bidding it is I part with her.” Saying this, he also advanced towards Marcella; and while he held his naked sword in one hand, he rudely grasped her by the arm with the other, as if at once to claim and defend his right. “Take that to loosen your ruffianly hold,” said the stranger, suddenly stepping up to him and passing his sword through the body of the wretched slave, who instantly fell prostrate, a lifeless corpse, on the floor. “Pardon this violence in thy presence, fair maiden,” continued the stranger, now coolly returning his weapon to its scabbard, “but the knave could not be taught manners by any other means.”

The violence for which the Goth apologised was of a kind with which Marcella could not reasonably be much offended, and she did not affect those sentiments regarding it, which she neither did nor could feel. On the contrary, she a thousand times thanked her deliverer with the most earnest and affecting expressions of gratitude. The tears stood in her large soft blue eyes as she raised it up in fervent prayer for blessings on the hand that had saved her. But, alas! for the weakness of human nature, and the power of suffering, supplicating beauty. The deliverer of Marcella, in his turn, became her lover, though a respectful and an honourable one. Struck with the surpassing loveliness of the agitated maiden before him, and unable to resist the strong impulses which it inspired, he dropt on one knee before her, and in a tone of impassioned eloquence besought her permission to become a candidate for her affections. Astonished and distressed beyond measure by this new and unforeseen turn in the day’s calamities—for Marcella was already the betrothed bride of Sempronius, a young Roman noble—she earnestly but kindly besought her deliverer to rise from the humble position he had assumed. “Noble stranger,” she said, and here her voice became tremulous with emotion, “rather pity than love me, I beseech thee. Oh! do not urge a suit which must make me ungrateful and you ungenerous. I am the betrothed of another, and can be bride to none but Sempronius. Here, my kind deliverer,” she added, “take these;” and she began to divest herself of the precious jewels with which her person was adorned; “take these as tokens of my eternal gratitude; and if there be any gold yet left me, thou art welcome to it all; but oh! do not press a love-suit on her whom thou hast saved from more than death, else thou wilt make her thankless for the boon.”

“Sweet maiden,” said the soldier, rising to his feet and smiling benevolently on the generous-hearted but distracted girl, “I desire; but gold is not the god that Alaric the Goth worships. At that tremendous name, which she had never been accustomed to hear

but associated with the most terrible achievements, the terror-stricken maiden fell senseless to the ground. But she did injustice, though faultlessly on her part, to the character of the noble-minded and magnanimous Alaric, for it was, indeed, the Gothic king himself, who had been the deliverer, and latterly the wooer of Marcella. He gently raised her up, and, by kind words, endeavoured to recall the affrighted maiden to her senses, and, when he had succeeded in this, to soothe her agitation, and to assure her of safety under his protection. While the generous Goth was thus humanely employed, a third person unexpectedly rushed into the apartment. This was a tall young man, fashionably attired, but bearing the appearance of having come from a fatiguing journey. "Marcella! Marcella!" he exclaimed, and, regardless of the presence of the stranger, he frantically flung himself at the feet of the fair being he had named, seized her hand, and covered it with kisses, muttering fervent thanks the while to heaven for her safety. "Sempronius!" murmured Marcella, and her head sunk on the shoulder of her lover. Alaric was not an unmoved spectator of this joyful meeting. In Sempronius he beheld the Roman soldier who had spared his life; and in turn Sempronius beheld in the Gothic leader, him whom his followers had captured while lurking in the vicinity of his tent. A mutual debt of gratitude was instantly acknowledged; but there was left no time for ceremonious greeting. Giving the Roman maiden to her lover, and promising the happy pair the most ample protection, he speedily departed, and was in a moment afterwards at the head of his victorious army. Neither Marcella nor Sempronius saw this extraordinary man any more; but they found the house surrounded by a strong guard of Goths, which, on inquiry, they learnt had been placed there for its and their protection by the orders of Alaric. The same powerful and generous friend, in a few days thereafter, caused to be returned to Marcella all the valuables of which her father's house had been despoiled. And on the sixth day after the occurrence of the events just related, which was that on which the barbarians evacuated Rome, the Gothic king, just before commencing his march, sent a magnificent ring to Marcella, as a notice at once of his departure and a token of his esteem and regard, adding to the message which accompanied it, that it would also protect her at any time from rude treatment, in the event of her ever again falling into the power of any of his people.

ST FILLAN'S SPRING.*

Harp of the North, that mouldering long hath hung
On the witch elm that shades St Fillan's Spring.

Lady of the Lake.

THE genius of romantic poesy could not have chosen a fitter retreat than the borders of St Fillan's Spring. It is a wild, luxuriant, unbroken solitude—a perfect cento of Swiss or Highland scenery. To be viewed aright, a Highland landscape should be seen in the pride of summer. Then, the most barren rocks are touched with verdure; alpine plants and trailing shrubs—the glossy arbutus, saxifrage, &c.—climb the steepest precipices, and every patch of sheltered green-sward has its knot of wild-flowers. Even the water, oozing through rents and fissures, and trickling down ledges of herbless granite, has, in its delicious coolness, something of summer beauty; and it is ten to one but we find a small shaded well, or bunch of primroses, at its base. In the old pastoral districts, the cattle of many hills may be seen grazing on the sylvan plain by the side of the lake—the native woods, oak, larch, and birch, are full of leaf and fragrance—the streams, as they glance and fall in the sun, are rife with trout or salmon—and the blossomed heath and furze (emblems though they be of our churlish soil) are redolent of bees and birds. If it be the Sabbath morning—

Blest day, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

the wanderer is touched by the spectacle of the whole population of the glen journeying to the house of prayer—the old men with their plaids and bonnets, the youngsters in their kilts, and the girls bareheaded—for you will not see a dozen female bonnets in a Highland church—but with their hair finely curled and plaited, and their garish red or chequered shawls hung over their arm. These, as they issue in separate groups from the rocky passes, or descend the braes and woods, give an interest and picturesqueness to the mountain landscape that is never forgotten by the spectator.

Such are some of the elements of a Highland strath or glen, arrayed in the glory of summer. Painters, who love contrast, prefer the commencement of autumn, when the "sere and yellow leaf" is superadded to the

staple green of the woods; but there is more of mirth and joyousness in the full luxuriance of summer. Old thoughts and feelings come back to the mind with greater vividness and freshness, and new fancies stream more freely into the imagination. Dr Johnson seems to have partaken of this feeling, when, in the course of his tour, he sat down on a bank in Glen Morrison. He had no trees to whisper over him, but a clear rivulet streamed at his feet: "the day was calm, the air was soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude." We have here concentrated the essence of a thousand descriptions of wild mountain scenery. The "melancholy" Jacques, with his intellectual revellers in the forest of Arden, has nothing finer.

The river Fillan derives its source from the pure springs of the lofty Benlaidid, in the western extremity of Breadalbane, Perthshire. It waters the beautiful vale of Strathfillan, to which it gives name, and falls into Loch Dochart at Kenmore. Issuing from this lake with the floating isle, it winds its way through another glen, and is finally merged in the waters of one of our finest lakes, Loch Tay. About six or seven miles from its source, at the edge of a plain on which Robert Bruce fought with the Cumings, and near the ruins of St Fillan's Cathedral, is St Fillan's Spring, or the Holy Pool. The river is here as pure and pellucid as crystal, and the pool about fourteen feet in depth. A ridge of rocks runs midway into the stream, forming an effectual screen to the bathers on either side.

The waters of the Holy Pool are believed to possess unnumbered medicinal virtues, and are still resorted to by pilgrims in the summer months. Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, has beautifully described one of these sainted wells, which was scarcely more efficacious in working cures than St Fillan's Spring:

In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this. By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use—
All simples good for medicine or abuse—
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day—
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand,
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head.

The manner in which the pool obtained its healing powers is thus described by the natives. Fillan, the patron saint, possessed a certain stone or talisman, by whose virtue he was able to cure every disease incident to mankind, and also the irrational creation. When on his deathbed, the holy man foresaw that, after his decease, disputes would arise among his kindred as to who should possess the gifted stone; and in order to avoid all such unseemly brawls, he one day rose from his couch, and, calling his friends together, proceeded with them to the edge of the pool. He then told them that he was resolved not to bestow the talisman upon any single individual, but to render it useful to all mankind. So saying, he dropped the stone into the pool, and no man has since dared to take it up. After the death of Fillan, the people flocked from all quarters at the appointed times—Whitsun and Lammas eve—to bathe in the holy pool before sunset. They were ordered to go three times over the head, and to take the same number of pebbles from the bottom of the well. After dressing, they went three times round each of three cairns on the top of the rock, leaving a pebble at each cairn, and some small portion of their raiment. The same process was observed on the following morning, before sunrise. In cases of insanity, the formula was more trying and severe. The poor patient was tied round the middle with a rope, and either carried or wiled on to a stone in the water near the rock. Thence he was pushed into the pool, and submerged three times in its healing waters. A friend of mine lately saw this operation performed upon a poor maniac, and not without difficulty, for the patient contrived to slip his cable, and swim to the opposite shore. Having made the round of the cairns, after submersion, the unhappy individual is conducted about half a mile to the ruined cathedral, where there is a large hollow stone, called "St Fillan's pillow." Into this his head is laid, and the body fastened with ropes to huge logs of wood, placed adjacent for the purpose. In this position he remains all night, unless relieved by the interposition of supernatural agency, in which case the patient recovers his lost senses, and returns cheerfully with his friends. Should he happen, however, not to be so fortunate—and this is the more frequent result of the ordeal—the dipping is repeated next morning, and the party resort to the *Juanan dery*, or red well, a mineral spring on the south side of the river, opposite the ruins, and drink of its waters. There are certain insects or animalcule in the well, from the appearance of which auguries of good and evil are drawn. An old woman, who lived lately in a hut near the spring, was specially versant in this strange species of augury, and would freely communicate the result of her divinations for a small reward, proportioned to the circumstances of her visitors. On the face of the rock, there is also a small crevice called *Clach na'mbonnach*—the bannock stone—where the friends

of the patient used to bake oaten cakes for the sickly. If, after all these trials had been thrice repeated, the party did not recover, he was justly deemed incurable, and his friends resigned themselves to the will of Providence.

These old traditions are fast fading from among the bulk of the people, and only exist in remote districts—the dying embers in the crucible of superstition.

JUDGMENTS.

UNCHARITABLE animadversions on the affairs of others are in no case so reprehensible as when they are delivered with the view of pointing out the special interference of an overruling power in visibly punishing those who have strayed from the straight path of duty. "Judge not, lest ye be judged," is a glorious admonition, which should be written deeply in every man's heart, and be for ever acting as a bridle upon our tongues. But to judge our neighbours under an imperfect knowledge of their character and motives, is much less criminal than to clench our uncharitable arguments by assuming that the sufferings we are averting to are produced by the special interposition of the Deity. This is downright profanity, however unintentional, and is certainly little in conformity with the authoritative injunctions given for our moral and religious guidance. Besides being profane, it is presumptuous egotism. We imagine, forsooth, that we can trace the Almighty in the execution of his great and incomprehensible purposes. We pretend to say *this* is his doing, and *that* is not his doing. We imagine that he stops the course of events, deranges the universal action of his decrees, in order to bring about a particular circumstance which could not be brought about by any other means. How weak and dangerous are all such imaginings! Every thing is under the government, and effected by the designs of a Supreme Being, who created and overlooks all; but we have no right on that account to place ourselves aloof, as it were, on a vantage ground, and say that he has caused such and such an event to happen, expressly to accomplish such and such a design. His ways, we are told, are past finding out; and how unbecoming is it, therefore, to arrogate to ourselves the ability to point out these ways, and thereupon found our uncharitable conclusions!

Notwithstanding the absurdity of thus interpreting what are called "Judgments," there is hardly any thing more common among some classes of people, than a habit of remarking that accidental evils happening to individuals are signal instances of divine vengeance. "Ay, ay," will they say to one another, on the occasion of a violent death, or, perhaps, an unusually severe disease, befalling some unpopular individual, "I always thought a judgment would follow him. It was easy to be seen that he would not be permitted to leave this world without bringing down a judgment on himself." The exceedingly wise and virtuous class of people who in this manner publish and comment upon the verdicts of the Governor of the world, are somehow singularly remiss in recording the evils which in a like manner befall those who, in their opinion, do not require the visitations of the destroying angel, either upon their persons or to their households. If they can see the finger of the Almighty in one instance, they ought to be able to see it in all. The experience of every man proves that misfortunes are rained upon the just as well as the unjust. Who is he who could not say he knows persons of acknowledged depravity of principle and habit, living in affluence and enjoying all the comforts which this world can bestow, while on the other hand he sees piety clothed in rags, and begging for bodily sustenance at the corners of the streets? Who is he who has not seen the vicious exempted from personal injury, and the virtuous subjected to cruel tortures? Among the innumerable accidents that occur in a closely-huddled population, of what use is it to select one and say, "this was what the unhappy victim might have expected," and then let a hundred others pass unnoticed. Has every poor infant who has been run down and mangled by the rapid passing vehicle, deserved its unhappy fate? Have shipwrecks and conflagrations destroyed the lives and the property of none but the bad? Certainly not. If such things had been, we should be constrained to believe, whenever we saw a friend agonised with pain, but who was not known to have committed any atrocity, that he was now undergoing punishment for some secret but heinous crime; while those who recovered from any grievous disease would ever after be held to have fallen from the ranks of in-

* Contributed by Mr R. Carruthers, of the Inverness Courier, to the Edinburgh Literary Journal

togity. We should soon lose all sympathy for affliction when peculiarly severe, and turn on our heel, remarking coldly that it was the inevitable consequence of abandoned courses. Into such inconsistencies of judgment, unworthy suspicions, and hardness of heart, should we be invariably conducted, were we to abandon the rule which has been delivered to us. "Those eighteen men upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Nothing can be more plain than this warning, that we are not to presume to connect the misfortunes or sufferings of any fellow-being with the actions of his life. We may assure ourselves that we are perfectly safe in leaving the iniquitous to work out their own punishment, which they will sooner or later do, either mentally or in their outward circumstances; but as for setting ourselves up as interpreters of how and when this punishment is inflicted, that unquestionably comes not within our province.

Keeping out of view both the profanity and the presumption of interpreting divine judgments, it may be noticed that the practice has an injurious instead of a beneficial effect upon society. In trying to make it subservient to religious purposes, it is wrested to effect quite opposite ends. We recollect reading a story in an old magazine, which illustrates this point in a singularly happy degree. Some missionaries had established a station in an island, and, for the greater convenience of instruction, began to assemble round them such of the natives as they supposed themselves to have converted. Many of these, however, having acted merely under the impulse of curiosity, or from the desire of novelty, deserted, after a few days' experience of regular agricultural labour, and of the religious exercises with which the missionaries endeavoured to enlighten them. One man, making his escape in the dark, fell and broke his leg. This circumstance was made use of by the preachers to impress the ignorant people with an awe of the Deity, whose doctrine they taught; it was, they declared, a manifest judgment against the sufferer for abandoning the faith he had embraced. For a few weeks this representation was not without its effect; but a boat, bringing to the island some Bibles which had been translated into the language of the place, was swamped, the rowers drowned, and the books lost. Upon this, the natives, whose confidence in their own creed had been recently considerably shaken, gathered fresh courage. In their controversies with the strange teachers, they immediately turned their own weapons against themselves, and argued that the boat was wrecked by the power of the gods of the island, to prevent the introduction of false and dangerous opinions. "The being whom you worship could only break a poor fellow's leg," said they; "but a more signal judgment is performed by our deities—they have sent to the bottom of the sea the books with which you meant to ensnare us, and have punished with death the men who were impiously conveying them to our shores." What answer could the missionaries return to this application of their own argument? How incalculable was the mischief they had done to the cause they were sent thither to advance! and how grossly ignorant must they have been of the real doctrines of Christianity, or how shamefully did they pervert them, when they presumed to decide on the character and meaning of the accident which had occurred!

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THIS extraordinary youth, who, before the age of seventeen, wrote poems which astonished the world of letters, was born at Bristol, November 20, 1732. He was the posthumous son of a poor teacher, and was reared by his widowed mother in very narrow circumstances. At the age of five he was sent to the school which had once been taught by his father, but, manifesting no capacity or aptitude for learning, was soon after remanded to his mother, who subsequently taught him the letters from an old Bible printed in the Saxon character. At eight years of age, he was admitted to an hospital or charity-school, where he was maintained and taught till he was fifteen. Even in his earliest years, while displaying no intellectual superiority, he seemed to have a thirst for fame and pre-eminence. A potter having proposed to make his family a present of some earthenware, with devices according to their own taste, "paint me," said Thomas, "an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world." And it is said that, at the early age of five, he had all his playmates in subjection to him. It was not till ten that he began to contract an affection for books. After that period, he played no more, but would retire to solitary places to read, and was generally gloomy and thoughtful. Between eleven and twelve, he wrote a list of the books he had read, being about seventy in number, chiefly in history and divinity. About the same time he composed a burlesque poem called "The Apostate," and paraphrased

several passages in Scripture; but these efforts do not appear to have been closely followed up by any others.

In July 1767, while as yet under fifteen, Chatterton was apprenticed to an attorney named Lambert, with whom he at the same time went to live. His employment here was not of such a nature as to press severely upon his mind, or absorb much of his time. He gave it for a while all the attention that was required, and made no complaint, though still his general bearing was one of melancholy. It appears to have been about this time that a forgotten package of old papers, which had been brought by his father from a room in Redcliffe church, and had lain ever since in his mother's house, fell into his hands. He took it away, saying he had found a treasure. Whether a taste for antique characters was with him a natural peculiarity, or had been inspired in consequence of his first reading from a black-letter Bible, it would be needless to debate. He was now, however, devoted to the study of old writings and of obsolete English words. Skinner's "Etymologicon," Benson's "Saxon Vocabulary," the poems of Chaucer and the glossary appended to them, with Bailey's Dictionary, had for a time been his favourite reading. Perhaps he also found something to gratify his taste in many of the documents which passed through his hands in a professional way. Upon a mind of which the principal feature seems to have been a power of simulation, and which at the same time possessed much vivacity and general talent, these studies appear to have had their natural effect. Chatterton formed a design of composing a series of poetical and prose writings in the manner of the writers of the fifteenth century, and which he should pass off as genuine productions of one or more writers of that period. That nothing in his power might be wanting to complete the deception, he acquainted himself with the means of blackening parchment in such a manner as to give it the appearance of age.

His first attempt was made in October 1768, while he was still under sixteen. In that month a new bridge was opened at Bristol. Chatterton communicated to Felix Farley's Journal (a Bristol newspaper which still exists) an account of the opening of the old bridge by a body of monks, which he stated to have been taken from an ancient manuscript. The memoir was printed, and excited much curiosity. Several gentlemen inquired of the printer how it had come into his hands, and, being directed to Chatterton, received from him a somewhat prevaricated statement. To the threats of some who treated him agreeably to his appearance, as a child, he returned haughty answers, and a refusal to afford any explanation. To others he at length related, with an appearance of candour, that the manuscript from which he copied the account was one of a considerable quantity, which his father had been permitted by his relative, the sexton of Redcliffe, to take from an old chest in a room connected with the church of that parish, and which seemed in general to be poetical compositions of Mr Canynge, a merchant in Bristol in the reign of Edward IV., and of one Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of the same period. He made no scruple at first to communicate, to one or two persons, a few specimens of these ancient manuscripts; but he afterwards became more reserved about them. A great change took place at this time in his external manners. He had formerly been moody and silent; but no sooner did he find a congenial employment in the composition of poetry, and in the art of tracing it out in an ancient style of lettering, than he became cheerful and sprightly. The divine flame which the muse had kindled in his mind, shone out in his face, and animated all he said and did.

From this time forward, Chatterton appeared to have no satisfaction in his professional pursuits. The consciousness of high intellectual powers, and the notice of various persons of consideration, which told him that he might be enabled to turn those powers to the service of ambition, rendered him uneasy under even the light duties imposed upon him by Mr Lambert. He now talked freely to his mother and sister of his happy prospects, and often assured them that they should share in his good fortune. Applying himself with greater zeal than ever to his studies, he ran from one profound subject to another, deeming every one for the time of supreme importance; and long before completing his seventeenth year, he contributed miscellaneous articles, in modern language, to various London magazines. His person, like his genius, was premature: he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years; and his manners were highly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing. When he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. It was a favourite maxim with him, that "man is equal to any thing, and that

every thing might be achieved by diligence and self-denial." If any extraordinary character was mentioned in his hearing, "all boys as he was," says one of his biographers, "he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them." "He had read," he himself tells us, "more than Magliabecchi, though he spoke no tongue but his own." Before he left Bristol, he contracted infidel opinions; but it has never been said that his conduct was otherwise than virtuous. For preservatives against the contagion of vice, and the criminal excesses of the passions, "he possessed," says Dr Anderson, "the pride of genius, the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire." Among his good qualities, was the ever-respectable one of temperance, which perhaps he carried to an excess. Not only did he abstain from spirituous liquors, but he rarely ate animal food, his diet being generally a piece of bread or tart, with a cup of water. A gentleman whom he often visited stated to his biographer, that "he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating." His extensive, though in many instances superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit, and fluency, admirably qualified him for shining in society. The pride which was his most prominent characteristic, but might rather have been termed a strong sense of intellectual superiority, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintances, than apt to decline the advances of others.

In March 1769, Chatterton opened a correspondence with the Hon. Horace Walpole, proposing to furnish him with notices of a series of painters and engravers who had flourished at Bristol, extracted from an ancient manuscript, and accompanying his letter with one of his Rowley poems, which he said had been found in the same place. Mr Walpole having requested further information, Chatterton, in a second letter, gave a mock account of his mock manuscripts, added more poetical extracts, and described himself as a youth placed in life far beneath his desires and tastes, and who would be glad to avail himself of Mr Walpole's patronage in obtaining a better situation. His noble correspondent now became convinced of the imposition attempted upon him, and coldly advised the Bristol boy to endeavour to make the most of his present profession. Chatterton wrote an angry reply, of which Mr Walpole took no notice; nor did he again hear of his correspondent till informed of his unhappy death. There is a prevalent impression that Walpole used Chatterton ungenerously; but it is founded on false grounds, and would have long ago ceased to exist, if any exculpation were ever perfectly successful in obliterating an unjust charge. Unfortunately, there are always innumerable channels in which the accusation has run, and in which the exculpation or denial has not run; and thus, however promptly the one might follow the other, we find, even at the end of half a century, that in some minds the stigma is fixed as firmly as ever.

For a full year after this period, Chatterton remained in the service of Mr Lambert, but without applying any portion of his energies to his profession. The connections he had formed with the London periodical press, rendered him indifferent to success in the law; and it was without any surprise or uneasiness, that, in April 1770, he received a discharge from his master's employment. The immediate cause of this event was his having written a paper, entitled "The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he indicated his design of committing suicide on the following day. To this crime he had fully reconciled his mind, as a justifiable and proper action; and Mr Lambert turned him from his house, in the dread of his accomplishing his intention. He resolved immediately to proceed to London, making up his mind, apparently, either to reach the height of worldly prosperity, or to live no more. "My first attempt," said he to a friend, "shall be in the literary way: the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

Chatterton reached the metropolis about the 20th of April 1770, and immediately applied for work to those booksellers with whom he had previously corresponded. His reception at first was flattering. He was engaged to contribute regularly to various magazines, receiving in reward for his labours sums which do not appear to have been very great, but which, to one so little accustomed to money as he, and so eager to see any result of this kind from his talents, looked like the firstlings of a fortune. In a letter to his mother, dated May 6, he says, "I am settled, and in such a settlement as I desire. I get four guineas a-month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a history of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" In a letter to his sister, dated the 30th of the same month, he mentions an engagement with a bookseller to compile a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have his board at the bookseller's house, and a handsome

premium. "Assure yourself," he adds, "every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer. My mother shall not be forgotten."

Most of his literary schemes and labours seem to have been soon after thrown aside, in order that he might devote himself to party-writing, which was congenial to his satirical temper. Before leaving Bristol, and for some time after reaching London, he avowed himself a Whig, and opposed the ministry; but he soon discovered that little money was to be made on that side, and that patronage, as well as money, lay all upon the other. A phenomenon which often happens in youth, was conspicuous in Chatterton—intellect came before principle. He knew he had talents, and loved to exercise them; but the moral sense was as yet in a great measure to be developed. Hence, he cared little on what side he wrote, provided only he could get a field for mental exercise, and could make his exertions tell upon his fellow-men, in exciting notice, and procuring wealth and aggrandisement. To write, in short, was his chief or only principle. He is found in June to have entertained high prospects of advancement, in consequence of an introduction to the great oppositionist mayor, Mr Beckford, in whose honour he wrote an essay, which was at first accepted by the North Briton newspaper, but afterwards rejected, on account of the mayor's unexpected death. Chatterton was at first much ojected by the loss of such a patron, and the rejection of his essay; but he soon found that something might yet be made of his deceased friend. Accordingly, by writing elegies and essays, he realised a few pounds.

In a letter about the same time, he says, "he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides," which may be held as a careless but sincere confession of his utter ignorance of the higher order of human motives. On another occasion, he says, "Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed, but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it."

Such was the sandy foundation on which this wonderful boy built his fabric of visionary greatness. It was a common assertion with him "that he would settle the world before he had done." Alas, he soon found that he could not even settle the humble preliminary matter of his own subsistence.

Chatterton at first lived at Mr Walsley's, a plasterer in Shoreditch. Early in June, probably to conceal approaching poverty from those to whom he had boasted of his prospects, he removed to Mrs Angel's, sackmaker, in Brook Street, Holborn. He seems to have spent most of his first earnings on dress, and in frequenting the best coffee-houses, both of which kinds of extravagance he deemed essential to his advancement in the world. It is to be related, however, to his credit, that even after he began to feel the pinch of indigence, he sent many presents to his mother and sister, whose comfort appears to have been one of his leading objects in life. In the course of July, he begins, in his letters to these individuals, to hint at the proverbial distresses of literary men; and, after all his lofty aims, he applied about that time for a situation as surgeon's mate in an African slaver. He who thought he should settle the world, was refused the necessary recommendation for this mean office, on the score of incapacity. Whether his despair was the consequence of a failure in employment, or of a sense of the difficulty of living in the style he coveted on the slender gains of periodical writing, it is impossible to say. But, on the 24th of August, he swallowed arsenic mixed with water, and died next day. The insensible tabernacle of what had lately been genius, and knowledge, and hope, and affection, was consigned immediately to the burying-ground of the Shoe-lane workhouse.

Thus "perished in his pride," at the age of seventeen years and nine months, Thomas Chatterton, who will ever be memorable in English literature for what he did and what he might have done. His poetical writings had not hitherto attracted much attention; but they were soon after published in a collective form, and became the subject of debate and controversy to the most dignified names in literature. When the world became fully aware of what a genius it had permitted to perish in obscurity and neglect, it turned round to look for some one upon whom it might throw the blame of so shameful a catastrophe. But the sole blame must lie with the unhappy being himself, who, in a fit of impatience, and uncontrolled by the moral or religious principles which give intellect its sole utility, threw away the bright gem entrusted to him, rather, in all probability, to spite the world, than from any other cause.

His poems are now admitted into all classical collections, and, as a specimen, we present the following allegorical picture of Freedom, which has been much admired—

When freedom, drete yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wyde wedes were spraddede,
A gorle anlace byer her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She heard the voice of deathe;

* The spot, we believe, is now covered by the Farringdon Market.

Pale-cyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayed her bosomme to scale;
She hearde onfensed the shryeking voice of woe,
And sadnesse yne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled speere,
On bis she jete her sheelde;
Her foemen all appere,
And flize alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe nis heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre.
Alyche twaile brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chafes with hys yronne fete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She rydes from the shooke,
Wielynge her owne yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder doth she drive ytte on,
Wythe scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longes sharpe speere, hys spredde sheelde yagon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld arist,
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes yne hys streynynge—

GLEN-LYNDEN SETTLEMENT.

AN interesting little work, in one volume, has just made its appearance, purporting to be the Narrative of a Residence in South Africa, by Thomas Pringle, a gentleman well known to the literary world. Mr Pringle was one of the original projectors of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, which he edited prior to its becoming a party journal; he afterwards edited Constable's Magazine; but according to his own account, his connection with these publications acted rather prejudicially than otherwise on his views in life, and unfortunately gave him a distaste of literary pursuits. Under an impression of this nature, he was ready to adopt any feasible scheme for bettering his circumstances, when an opportunity occurred of emigrating to the Cape of Good Hope. One of his objects in taking this step, was to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, his father's family, which untoward circumstances had broken up and begun to scatter over the world. To accomplish this, emigration to a new colony was indispensable. His father had been a Roxburghshire farmer of the most respectable class; and all his sons, five in number, had been bred to the same profession, except the present writer. The change of times, however, and the loss of capital, had completely overclouded their prospects in their native country; and, therefore, when the government scheme of colonising the unoccupied territory of the Cape was promulgated, our author called the attention of his relatives to that colony, and offered to accompany them, should they determine to proceed thither as settlers. This suggestion was immediately followed, and Mr Pringle, with his father, brothers, and other individuals, very speedily sailed for the Cape, which they reached along with other emigrants in April 1820.

Passing over the details of the landing, and subsequent fatiguing journey through a wild trackless country to the place of settlement selected by Mr Pringle, at the distance of 170 miles inland, we shall at once conduct the reader to the spot which the adventurous band chose to pitch upon as their resting-place. It was a valley watered by a small river, only approachable by rugged toilsome passes in the mountains, and subsequently named Glen-Lynden. Arriving at an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley, their Dutch-African conductor at length exclaimed, "And now, Mynheer, there lies your country." Looking in the direction where he pointed (says Mr Pringle), we beheld, extending to the northward, a beautiful vale, about six or seven miles in length, and varying from one to two in breadth. It appeared like a verdant basin, or *cul de sac*, surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of steep and sterile mountains rising in the background into sharp conical ridges of very considerable elevation; their summits being at this season covered with snow, and estimated to be from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The lower declivities were sprinkled over, though somewhat scantily, with grass and bushes. But the bottom of the valley, through which the infant river meandered, presented a warm, pleasant, and secluded aspect; spreading itself into verdant meadows, sheltered and embellished, without being encumbered, with groves of mimosa trees, among which we observed in the distance herds of wild animals—antelopes and quaggas—pasturing in undisturbed quietude.

"Sae that's the lot o' our inheritance, then?" quoth one of the party, a Scottish agriculturist. "Aweel, now that we've really got till 't, I maun say the place looks no sae mickle amiss, and may suit our purpose no that ill, provided thae haughs turn out to be guid deep land for the plough, and we can but contrive to find a decent road out o' this queer hieland glen into the lowlands—like any other Christian country."

Descending into the middle of the valley, we unyoked the waggons, and pitched our tents in a grove of mimosa trees on the margin of the river; and the next day our armed escort, with the train of shattered vehicles, set out on their return homeward, leaving us in our wild domain to our own courage and resources.

The next day, July 2nd, was our first Sunday on our own grounds. Feeling deeply the importance of maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should strictly abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity, and at the same time commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia tree, on the margin of the little stream which murmured around our camp. The river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of many of the African streams, and which, with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the pathetic lament of the Hebrew exiles:—
'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat; yea we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.'

It was, indeed, an affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish emigrants, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home and the heritage of their offspring. There sat old —, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his Bible on his knee—a picture of the high-principled, grave Scottish husbandman; his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow —, with her meek, kind, and quiet look—(the look of one who had seen better days, but who in adversity had found pious resignation), with her three stalwart sons, and her young maiden daughter placed beside her on the grass. There, too, were others, delicate females—one of them very nearly related to myself—of whom I need not more particularly speak. There was —, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood, but poor in fortune, who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa, to dependence on aristocratic connections at home. Looking round on these collected groups, on this day of solemn assemblage, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on my mind: 'Have I led forth from their native homes, to this remote corner of the globe, all these my friends and relatives for good or for evil?—to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilisation and the blessed light of the gospel through this dark nook of benighted Africa? The issue of our enterprise is known only to him who ordereth all things well: "Man proposes, but God disposes." But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once calculated upon, there yet appears no reason to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavourably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left not our native land from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, or without very sufficient and reasonable motives. Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty.' With these, and similar reflections, we encouraged ourselves, and proceeded to the religious services of the day.

Having completed our temporary huts, which were constructed, after the fashion of the country, simply of a slight wooden frame thatched with reeds down to the ground, we moved into them, and made ourselves as snug as circumstances admitted of. None of us had brought any household furniture; so that it was necessary for each family to construct bedsteads, tables, stools, cupboards, &c., for their immediate use; and in proportion to the ingenuity and industry of the respective parties was their comfortable accommodation. As there was no carpenter amongst us, or any artisan whatever, except a saddler, it may easily be imagined that our temporary dwellings and furniture were for the most part of a very rude and primitive description. There was no chimney, of course, in any of the huts; but, for culinary purposes, a small circular shed, plastered inside with clay, was erected in front of each; and, in cold evenings, a pan of live charcoal or embers from our wooden fires was the usual succedaneum for a blazing hearth. On the whole, however, these cabins afforded a sufficient shelter from the weather and, rude as they were, appeared exceedingly comfortable, compared with the tents in which we had tabernacled during the three preceding months.

The object next in urgency was to provide ourselves with a sufficient number of horses and draught-cattle for our immediate wants, and with breeding cattle and sheep to commence farm-stock. For this purpose each family sent one of their number over to the Tarka, a district rich in flocks and herds, to make purchases; and with the assistance of one of our Hottentots for an interpreter, this necessary business was satisfactorily transacted. Good draught-oxen cost us on an average about L.2 each; cows L.1; sheep (broad-tailed) about 3s.; and ordinary country horses from L.3 to L.7. Ten or a dozen stout watch-dogs were also obtained.

The cultivation of gardens, and the clearing of land for tillage, became objects of engrossing attention, as the spring approached.

My father and brothers, with their Roxburghshire ploughman, ploughed and sowed with wheat the first cultivated land on the location on the 1st of September. It was tilled with a Scotch iron plough, without wheels, guided by one man and drawn by two oxen—to the great admiration of our Hottentot guard, who had never before seen any other plough than the enormous and unwieldy Dutch-Colonial implement of tillage, which has only one handle and no coulter, and is usually drawn by eight, ten, or twelve oxen, and managed by three or four men and boys. The other families were all occupied in a similar way early in September, which is considered the first month of spring in South Africa.

Besides gardening, I found other employments to occupy my leisure time agreeably. I had brought out a little assortment of carpenter's tools, the use of which, when a boy, had also been one of my favourite amusements. I was, therefore, not altogether unprepared to act the Robinson Crusoe in a small way; and, besides commodiously furnishing my own cabin, in a mode which I shall afterwards detail, I succeeded in manufacturing a rustic arm-chair and table for my father—an achievement of which I was not a little proud. But my *chef d'œuvre* at this time was the construction of an oven, which I contrived to scoop out of a huge ant-hill, that happened to stand under an old mimosa tree at the head of my garden. After being properly plastered and paved within, it proved an excellent oven, and served all the hamlet to bake their household bread in for a couple of years.

To my other occupations, I was obliged occasionally to add that of *doctor*; for at this period the only medical gentleman within a hundred miles was the military surgeon at Rooodeval, whose aid we could not reasonably look for except on very serious occasions. The medical skill that I could pretend to was of the most superficial description; but I had brought out with me a small chest of medicines, and had learnt to bleed on the passage from poor Dr C—, who died at Algoa Bay; and, in that fine climate, my simple domestic medicines, with the occasional use of the lancet in inflammation, sufficed in all ordinary cases.

After some experience of the country, it was found by the party that their locations were much too limited, seeing that the pasturing of cattle was to be their main dependence; they therefore applied for an additional grant of land from the local government, and had an extension of their territory to twenty thousand acres. Although occasionally harassed by the visits of predatory Bushmen, and beasts of prey, besides suffering from droughts (which seem to have been the chief drawback), this little Scotch community continued to prosper. At the close of the second year, in July 1822, the first difficulties had been surmounted, and the severest privations past. A crop of wheat and barley had been reaped. The gardens were well stocked with vegetables. The flocks and herds were considerable in number, and gradually increasing. The necessities of life were procured, and comforts and conveniences were slowly accumulating. The several families had all obtained Hottentot servants, and, being now familiarised to the country and its half Dutch half savage inhabitants, had begun to feel quite at home on their respective farms.

Mr Pringle, having accomplished the settlement of his friends, now left them, and proceeded to Cape Town, where he received the appointment of librarian from government. But misfortunes were now heaped upon him. His salary was small, and he attempted the publishing of a newspaper and magazine, but the liberty of the press did not then exist in South Africa, and he was constrained to desist in his literary efforts. A series of persecutions now followed all his endeavours; he resigned his office, and in time returned to England, where we anxiously trust his merits as a writer will be more highly appreciated than they were by Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape. By the latest accounts, the Scotch settlement of Glen-Lynden is now in a prosperous condition. "My father," says this amiable writer in conclusion, "at the patriarchal age of eighty years, enjoys the mild sunset of life in the midst of his children and grandchildren; the latter, of whom there is a large and rapidly increasing number, having been, with a few exceptions, all born in South Africa. The party have more than doubled their original numbers, by births alone, during the last twelve years. Several additional families of relatives and of old acquaintance, have also lately joined them. Without having any pretensions to wealth, and with very little money among them, the Glen-Lynden settlers (with some few exceptions) may be said to be in a thriving, and on the whole in a very enviable condition. They are no longer molested by either predatory Bushmen or Caffers; they have abundance of all that life requires for competence and for comfort; and they have few causes of anxiety about the future. Some of them who have now acquired considerable flocks of merino sheep, have even a fair prospect of attaining by degrees to moderate wealth. They have excellent means of education for their children; they have a well-selected subscription library of about four hundred volumes; and what is still more important, they have the public ordinances of religion duly and purely maintained among them: they have now a parish minister (the Rev. Alexander Welsh, a clergyman of the Scottish Church) established in the valley of Glen-

Lynden, with a decent stipend from the government, augmented by their own voluntary contributions. On the whole, I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prosperity of my father's house, and in many respects also as regards my own career in life, whatever may be my future worldly fortunes, that our course was directed fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa."

COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

[From Griselda, by Miss Edgeworth.]

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone. One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown, such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

"Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear."

"I am very sorry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but" (looking at his watch) "it is only half-past six by me."

"It is seven by me."

They presented their watches to each other; he in an apologetical, she in a reproachful, attitude.

"I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman.

"I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

"My watch never loses a minute in the four-and-twenty hours," said he.

"Nor mine a second," said she.

"I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly.

"Reason!" exclaimed the wife astonished. "What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am morally certain you are wrong, my love."

"My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day."

"The sun must be wrong then," cried the lady, hastily. "You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying; the variation, the declination, must be allowed for, in computing it with the clock. Now, you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

"Well, my dear, if you are conscious of it, that is sufficient. We will not dispute any more about such a trifle. Are they bringing up dinner?"

"If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I cannot tell whether they do or not. Pray, my dear Mrs Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in hand, "what o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

Mrs Nettleby's watch had stopped. How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our heroine consoled herself by proceeding to criminate her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously denied.

There is something in the species of reproach, which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature cannot easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial, or at least, to temper it with much fondness, else mischief will infallibly ensue.

TO A FLOWER.

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth I
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!
Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!
Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.
Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
Soh—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done.
Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live—and love—and die!*

* From "English Songs and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall." London, Moxon, 1822.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spake. "I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive." The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "Did you speak to me, sir?" "I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak." "How is this," said the Englishman; "do you mean to insult me?" The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult." "This is too much," said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction: if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and thereupon he arose with great coolness and followed his challenger. In these days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighbouring alley; and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me." "I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight," and here he disarmed his adversary. "Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied." "I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied." "I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman; but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so." The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language: I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do: I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you this before." The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. "I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together." This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

In Kerr's Life of Mr William Smellie, 2 vols. 8vo. the following anecdote is related:—A paternal aunt of Mr Smellie had been married to a gentleman in a public office in Edinburgh, who "was out" in the 1745, and had even raised a considerable number of troops for the service of Prince Charles. After the battle of Culloden, he made his escape to France with his wife, where he afterwards died in great poverty. His widow returned to Edinburgh about the year 1760, in a state of utter destitution, and Mr Smellie bethought him of representing her situation to the expatriated prince by a letter, wherein he enumerated the various services of her husband, and their subsequent distresses. The prince promptly replied in a letter of great kindness, in his own handwriting, acknowledging the important services of the deceased, and enclosing L 30 for the relief of the old lady, which sum he promised to remit annually to her, during her life; but he soon afterwards died himself. This trait in the conduct of the unfortunate prince seems strangely at variance with the charges of besotted apathy and indifference to the distresses of his ruined adherents, which have so constantly been alleged as disgracing the latter years of his life.

We find we have committed a mistake in describing the tale of "Tubber Derg," from which that entitled "Owen McCarthy," in No. 122 of the Journal, was reduced, as forming part of Lover's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." The real author of that anonymous work—W. Carleton, Esq.—has kindly informed us of our error, adding the information that the name of Mr Lover's work is "Legends and Stories of Ireland." The similarity of the titles of the two works, their being contemporary in publication, and alike ungraced by the name of the author, are the circumstances which have led to our mistake. Neither Mr Carleton's nor Mr Lover's writings are known to the strictly British public in the degree they deserve. We esteem the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," in particular, as a work of high and varied merits, embracing pathos, humour, and extraordinary descriptive power; and earnestly wish that any humble efforts of ours should have the effect of making it more generally read on this side of the Channel.

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